

# *The Maids Vindication: 9*

O R, T H E

Fifteen Comforts of living a Single Life.

Being an *A N S W E R* to the *Fifteen*  
*Plagues of a Maiden-head.*

*Written by a Gentlewoman.*



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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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These Goals are all about a single life.

Being in A. W. & W. E. to the fifteen  
plague in a M. A. band.

brood-worms, etc. in 1896.



*The Maids Vindication:*

O R,

*The Fifteen Comforts of  
being a Maid, &c.**The First Comfort.*

**Y**E *British* Maids with *British* Beauty blest,  
 Wife as you're Fair, of ev'ry Grace posselt,  
 Do not the least degenerate from your Worth,  
 Nor be less Chaste because you're thus set forth;  
 Have Patience then, and I'll revenge your Cause,  
 And all the deep Designs of wicked Men expose,  
 Shew the dear Comforts of a Single Life,  
 With all the Plagues and Ills of Wh-re or Wife.

*The Second Comfort.*

Tell me you Grave Disputers of the Schools,  
 You learned Coxcombs, and you well read Fools;  
 You that have told us, Man must be our Head,  
 And made *Dame Nature* Pimpto what you've said:  
 Tell me where are the Joys of womans Life,  
 When she consents to be a wedded Wife:  
 Much less if she too kind and easie proves,  
 And grants her Heart to one that swears he loves,



I will not call her VV--re, because I know  
 'Twas his false Oaths and Lyes that made her so  
 But you that would to your own selves be just,  
 Nor Friend, nor Husband but with caution trust

*The Third Comfort*

And first, the greatest lasting'st Plague of Life  
 Husband; the Constant Taylor of a wife,  
 A proud insulting dominerer thing,  
 Abroad a subject, but at Home a King,  
 There he in State does Arbitrary Reign,  
 And lordlike pow'r do's o'er his wife maintain.  
 For when she puts the Marriage Garments on,  
 The pleasures Ended e'er 'tis well begun:  
 But Plagues increase, and hardly e're have done,  
 The joy he Courted, he despises now,  
 And do's a perfect Married Nauseance grow,

*The Fourth Comfort.*

It's Jealousie that maggot of the pate,  
 Possess the Sor, how violent's his hate,  
 VVhat curst suspicions haunt his tortur'd Mind  
 And make him look for what he would not find  
 Nothing but Females must i'th House appear,  
 And not a Dog or Cat, that's Male be there,  
 Nay lest the unhappy wife shou'd have her longin  
 He cuts out all the Men i'th Tapstry Hangin  
 And if a harmless Letter's to her sent,  
 He'll make it speak worse sense than e'er it mea

*The Fifth Comfort.*

In a Curst Chamber, Cloyster'd up for Life  
 Loves Female Innocence miscall'd a wife,  
 Deny'd those Pleasures are to Virtue granted  
 Yearly the Devil of a Husband haunted,

or a Release she cannot Hope nor Pray,  
Till milder Death takes him, or her away,  
If her she's happy, and if him she's blest'd,  
Till to her arms she takes a second Guest.

*The Sixth Comfort.*

If Beauty, Wit, or Complaissance would do,  
There's women that can all these wonders show,  
Beauty that might new fire to Hermit lend,  
And wit which serves that Beauty to defend,  
Who courted, cou'd do wonders with those Chams,  
Till Parson conjur'd her to Husbands Arms,  
And tho' the same perfections still remain  
Yet nothing now can the dull Creature gain,  
No looks can win him, nor no Smiles invite,  
He now does her, and her Endearments flight,  
And leaves those Graces which he shou'd adore,  
To dote upon some Ugly suburb whore,  
Whilst poor neglected Spouse remains at home,  
With discontent and Sorrow overcome,  
No prayers, nor tears, nor all the Virtuous arts,  
Which women use to tame Rebellious Hearts,  
Can the Incurable Fustian move,  
And make him own his once so promis'd love,

*The Seventh Comfort*

Oh she a happy, too too happy Bride,  
That has a Husband snoring by her side,  
Belching out Fumes of undigested wine,  
And lies all Night like a good natur'd Swine,  
Whose Snoring serves us Musick to her Ears,  
And keeps true Comfort with her silent Tears,  
That can himself no more than Chaos move,  
And still neglects the great affair of love,

She may indeed assume the name of wife,  
But others know she's but a Nurse for wife.

*The Eighth Comfort.*

A drunken Husband tho, may have good nature  
But here's a fullen Matrimonial Creature,  
will ask, and will not, will ask, and will deny  
Is Peevish, Cross, and cannot tell for why,  
Not one kind look he will to Spouse afford,  
Scarce speake at all, at least not one good word  
All the obliging arts that she can use,  
To reconcile this angry peevish Spouse,  
Avail no more, than if she took delight,  
In washing Bricks, or Swarthy *Negores* white,  
*Lyens*, and Tyger Men have learnt to tame;  
Retaining nothing frightful but the Name,  
But Man, unruly man, that Beast of reason,  
'Gainst women still continues in his Treason.  
No Charms his damn'd ill nature can release,  
*Satan*, must only *Satan* disposes.

*The Ninth Comfort.*

Nor Marriage is alone the dang'rous shelf,  
On which a woman may destroy her self,  
Believe no whineing Fool that Swears he loves  
And for your Pity to his Passion moves:  
with fair decoying words he glids the Cheat,  
Tells her the Sin, nor Danger are so great,  
The joy is past the reach of Humane view,  
And adds it will for ever bind him to be True  
But oh! if Maids upon this Quicksand run,  
They're lost past hope, and are for e'er undone



*The Tenth Comfort.*

another swears he'll keep you all your Life,  
 Without the ugly Names, of *Man and Wife*.  
 And to that End what Arts, what Tricks are laid,  
 To ensnare the Virtuous Young unthinking Maid,  
 What rev'rend Bawd's made use of to Entice,  
 The Fair one's liking to that Modish Vice.  
 Now she at last is guided to his Arms,  
 Where for a while he Doats upon her Charms.  
 But long she can't the airy Title hold,  
 Her look'd for Joys are scarce a Twelve Month  
 Before *Kind Keeper* takes another Miss, (Old,  
 And sad Experience weary grown of this.

*The Eleventh Comfort.*

These the Sov'reigns then that we must own,  
 Must we before their Golden Calves bow down,  
 And give us Heav'n, if we renounce the Elves,  
 And make a Common-wealth among our Selves,  
 Whereby the Laws that we shall there Ordain.  
 We'll make it Capital to mention Man,  
 Man! we'll for ever banish from our sight,  
 Not talk by Day, nor think of them by Night,  
 We'll shun their Courtship, as we do the Plague,  
 And loath 'em more than they a Toothless Hagg.

*The Twelfth Comfort.*

Is not their Sighs, Crying, nor Prayers,  
 Their subtile VVhinings, nor Treacherous Tears,  
 That shall one kind Return for ever gain,  
 But when t' oblige us they've done all they can,  
 We'll laugh, deride, and scorn the Foppish Sex,  
 And wrank Invention for new ways to vex,

Till

Till they to shun us, prompted by Despair,  
 Or Drown themselves, or hang in cleane Air.  
*The Thirteenth Comfort.*

But if amongst us there should chance to be,  
 One silly fond regardless foolish She,  
 That spight of all our Edicts will maintain  
 A League with that detested Creature Man;  
 Good Counsels first shall strive to bring her off  
 But if the Fool will that good Counsel scoff,  
 If she the freedom of her Sex will leave,  
 And love a VVretch she knows that will deceive  
 From Pity well exempt the *Female Sor*,  
 That wretched Thing a *Husband* be her Lot.

*The Fourteenth Comfort.*

Jealous by Day, and Impotent by Night,  
 Have neither Shape nor Mein to please the Sight  
 Diseas'd in Body, and deform'd in Soul,  
 Conceited, Proud, yet all the while a Fool:  
 May she with him spin out a tedious Life,  
 Blest with that much admir'd Title, *Wife*.  
 And may no Female better Fate partake,  
 That prophane the wholesome Laws we make.

10 JU 52 *The Fifteenth Comfort.*

And may the silly Maid that is so blind,  
 To trust Man's Oaths that are as false as VVind  
 And only to her Ruin are design'd,  
 That thinks her Vertue is a Plague of Life,  
 And will to cure it, yield as VVhore or VVife  
 Find all the Ills that have before been said,  
 And lose for endless Plagues her Maiden-head  
 VVho will not bear what they infer a Pain,  
 And laugh at all the base Designs of Men.